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horizon. Franz followed with his eyes to the point she designated, and saw a black spot relieved upon the waves in the midst of a halo of fire.

"What is it?" said he, with profound astonishment.

"Fate," she answered, "comes to claim its victim. Which one? you are going to ask. The one I will. Thou hast heard of the Austrians seen to step into my gondola, and who reappeared no more?"

"Yes, but that report is false."

"It is true. I must crush or be crushed. Every man of thy nation who loves me, and whom I do not love, dies. And so long as I love none, I shall live, and I shall cause to die. But if I love, I must die: it is my destiny."

"O, my God! who art thou?"

"Now it comes! In an instant it will be upon us. Listen! listen!"

The black spot drew near with inconceivable rapidity, and had assumed the form of an immense vessel. A red light gleamed from its sides, and surrounded it in every part; gigantic phantoms stood motionless upon its deck, and an innumerable quantity of oars rose and fell in measured cadence, striking the wave with a mournful sound, and hollow voices sung the *Dies Ira*, accompanying it with the clanking of chains.

"O Life! O Life!" resumed the unknown in despair. "O Franz! behold the vessel! Dost thou recognize it?"

"No; I tremble before that terrible apparition, but I know it not."

"Tis the Bucentaur. It is that which has swallowed up thy countrymen. They were here—in the same spot—at the same hour—seated by my side in this very gondola. The vessel came as it now comes. A voice cried: who goes there? I answered, Austria. The voice cried: Dost thou hate or dost thou love? I answered: I hate; and the voice bid me, Live. Then the vessel passed over the gondola, engulfed thy countrymen, and bore me off in triumph upon the waves."

"And now?"

"Alas! the voice is about to speak."

And, indeed, a melancholy, solemn voice, imposing silence upon the funeral crew of the Bucentaur, cried out, "Who goes there?"

"Austria," replied the trembling voice of the unknown.

A chorus of curses burst forth from the Bucentaur, which approached with a rapidity constantly increasing. Then another interval of silence, and the voice resumed: "Dost thou hate or dost thou love?"

The unknown hesitated a moment; then with a voice like thunder, she cried out, "I love!"

Then, said the voice,

"Thou hast accomplished thy destiny. Thou lovest Austria! Die, Venice!"

A startling cry—an agonizing, despairing cry filled the air, and Franz disappeared in the flood. On reaching the surface, he saw nothing, neither the gondola, the Bucentaur, nor his well-beloved. Save small lights gleaming on the horizon, that proceeded from lanterns belonging to the fishermen of Murano. He swam to the nearest shore of their island, and reached it at the end of an hour. Poor, poor Venice!

Beppa finished speaking. Tears stream-

ed from her eyes. We watched them in silence, without seeking to console her. Suddenly she dried her eyes, and said with capricious gaiety, "Well, why are you so sad? Does it come from the effect upon you of a fairy tale? Have you never heard of L'Orco, the Venetian Trilby? Have you never encountered it in the evening, in the churches, or upon the Lido? 'Tis a good spirit, which does no harm except to traitors and oppressors: it may be called the true genius of Venice. But the Viceroy, having learned indirectly and confusedly the perilous adventure of the Count de Lichtenstein, caused the patriarch to celebrate a grand exorcism upon the lagunes, and since that time L'Orco has been seen no more."

CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLENSCHLAGER.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

(Continued.)

ACT THE FOURTH.

A large Picture Gallery in Parma.

OTTAVIO, BATTISTA, *with books of accounts.*

OTTAVIO.

I'm satisfied, your bills are all correct.

BATTISTA.

A letter, signor, I have just received.

'Tis from my son; he writes to me from Florence; Perhaps he will be here this afternoon.

OTTAVIO.

Ah, that is well; and look you, not a word Of what I said to you of Nicolo!

BATTISTA.

By heavens, it takes my breath away, to think That he, a bandit of the Apennines, Should dare take service in your lordship's house,

To lie in wait the better for his prey!

OTTAVIO.

I've cause to think, the trick is nothing new.

Your thievish villains boldly ply their game, Both in the wood 'twixt Reggio and Parma, And wheresoever else there's ought to steal. But fair and soft; one bird is in the net, And soon his mates shall keep him company.

BATTISTA.

The things we live to see! Lord, lord, what men Be in the world!

OTTAVIO.

Enough of this! And now, To speak of matter which concerns me more. Antonio the painter comes to-day?

BATTISTA.

He's on the road, and will be here anon.

OTTAVIO.

Oh that the fair Maria came with him!

BATTISTA.

She'll not be long behind him, Eccellenza! Strew but your peas, and pigeons flock apace. But one thing strikes me as embarrassing, So please my gracious lord to let me speak—

OTTAVIO.

Proceed! proceed!

BATTISTA.

Your Grace is on the eve Of entering into matrimonial bonds. The lovely Celestina will be here From Florence with her father presently;— How will that suit?

OTTAVIO.

Let this not trouble you!

The lovely Celestina, like her name, Is heavenly! Now, though as a Christian soul, I love what's heavenly, and most dearly prize it, Yet being also flesh and blood, the things Of earth have also charms for me. The lady Bears on me like a chilly winter's sun; She is too sage, too lofty, too high-souled; 'Tis doubtful if she'll have me; if she does, 'Tis purely from the love she bears her father, Who's bent on the alliance; me she loves not.

BATTISTA.

Nay, love will come in time.

OTTAVIO.

Perhaps it may;

As likely not. I beg no woman's love. I know her worth: she's rich and beautiful; Not one of our young Florentine noblesse, But would esteem it as his dearest pride, To gain possession of the lady's hand. I'd have her for my wife; it flatters me, To be the lord of that which all would win. The heart, though, has emotions, rights as well, Which will be heard, and Celestina here Must bend before the lowly artist's wife.

BATTISTA.

Yet, my good lord, two women in one house, How will that work?

OTTAVIO.

Oh, rarely! Celestina

Is young, enthusiastic, unsuspecting, Maria silent, unexact, meek. I am uneasy on one point alone,— Antonio's staying in my house to paint. The lady is an adept in the art, And paints with skill. Now with such mat-

ters I Am little conversant; Geronimo, my uncle, Bequeathed these pictures to me as his heir. I value them as other furniture, Nor less, nor more. Now, look you! should I prove

Antonio is no artist, where am I? He's poor, of no repute. This troubles me, For I would wish in any case to pass In her opinion for a connoisseur.

BATTISTA.

For is an awkward business, certainly, Foo, good my lord, he is a sorry knave; My word upon't, a dauber!

OTTAVIO.

What know you

About such things? You bear the man's grudge. No more!

BATTISTA.

Well, time will show. Ha! there he is, Crossing the garden!

OTTAVIO.

Say you so?

BATTISTA.

'Tis he.

How he stands gazing at the flower plots there; Like any strolling pedlar, with his picture Slung on his back! He stoops, and smells the flowers. I shouldn't wonder if he dared to pluck; I'll tackle him, if he does.

OTTAVIO.

Let him alone!

I'll step aside. The palace, the great rooms,

The furniture, the servants, may impress
His lively fancy; men of such a stamp
Are caught more readily by outward show,
Than we are apt to think. Anon! I'll come.
This very day I must propose my terms.

BATTISTA.

Were it not better, at some pliant hour—

OTTAVIO.

The thing I cannot buy, I will not steal.

[Exit.

BATTISTA (alone.)

Thou wilt not steal? Then I will do so for
thee.

I will have vengeance, bloody vengeance, too,
As surely as I am a Calabrese!
The whirling of that Michael Angelo,
Though threatened merely, burns into my back,
In ruddy veins. It has revived my hate,
And my hot-souring blood will never cool,
Till his that brought this shame on me shall
flow!

(muses.)

So Nicolo was a bandit, and is still.
Good! Then at least he knows the way to—
Hush!

No poet I, 'tis not for me to rhyme.

[Exit.

ANTONIO

(enters, carrying his picture on his back.)

Arrived at last! Good heavens, how tired I
am!

(Puts his picture down, takes a chair, and sits.)
It was so hot, the road so long, the sun
So scorching! Ha! the air's refreshing here.
Ah me, how happy are earth's great one's!

They

May dwell in these cool palaces of stone,
That hold, like excavated rocks, at bay
The fury of the sunbeams. Freely rise
The vaulted roofs, broad pillars cast a shade;
Fresh bubbling springs play in the vestibules,
And cool both air and walls. Heavens! who
would not

Be lodged like this! Well, so shall I be soon.
How smoothly and how pleasantly one moun-
tains Along the broad, cold marble staircases!
Antiques in every niche,—fine busts, that look
Serenely down with a majestic calm.

(casts a look round the room.)

This hall, too, is right noble in its style.
Ha! what is this I see? With paintings fill'd?
It is the picture gallery. Oh! blessed Virgin,
I'm in a temple, and I knew it not!

Here hang the glorious trophies of your art,
Italia's painters!—will for ages hang,
As rich-embazon'd scutcheons o'er the tombs
Of heroes dead, to witness of their deeds.

Oh, all ye saints, which shall I first peruse?
Landscapes, and animals, heroes, and Ma-
donnas!

Mine eye flits round, as does a bee amidst
An hundred different flowers. Alas! I see,
For too much seeing, nought. I only feel
Art's fresh and noble presence move me deeply.
Oh, I were fain to bow me down, and weep
Within this temple of my ancestors!
Look there! That picture's beautiful! Yet no,
'Tis not so fine as first I thought it. Well,
They cannot all be choice. What have we
here?

No, that's too merely pretty. In my life
I ne'er saw anything like this before;
An aged woman, furnishing a pot,
Within her kitchen, in the corner, see!
A cat asleep, and near, a white-hair'd boy
Is blowing bubbles through a tobacco pipe.
It never struck me until now, that one
Could make a picture out of things like these;
And yet this kitchen now, it looks so trim,
So bright and clean, 'tis quite a treat to see!
How finely the sun strikes through the green
leaves.

At the window, on the brazen pot!
Who was it painted this? Is that the name
Beneath the picture? (Reads) Flemish, hm!
Unknown!

Flemish? What country can that be, I wonder?
Can it be far from Milan? Oh, look there,
At these large pictures! Tables strewn with
flowers,
With glasses partly fill'd, and lemons peel'd,
And dogs, and little birds. (Starts) What have
we here?

Why this is exquisite! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Four greedy greybeards counting o'er their gold!
But what comes next? It is our Saviour's
birth.

I know it well, Master Mantegna's work!
How sweetly winds the mountain pathway here!
How fine the three kings bending there before
Child Jesus, and the eternal queen of heaven!
Here is another picture, much the same,
A little quaint, but very nicely felt.
The ox on the Madonna's shoulder lays
His snout, and peers with curious wonder down;
The Moor grins kindly too,—his heart is touch'd;
The small Bambino in the casket gropes,
To find a playing there. By Albert Durer.
He was a German, that I know. One sees,
There be good worthy men behind the moun-
tains.

True painters, too. Heavens, what a glorious
picture!

A princely dame, young, blooming, full of soul;
How the eye burns, how smiles the little mouth!
How nobly on her sits the rose-hued hat
Of velvet, and the full deep velvet sleeves!
By Leonard' da Vinci. Well might he
Be called Magician;—this indeed is painting!
The next there is a king, which seems to me
Touch'd in the self-same style; perhaps it is
By Leonardo too; he painted it,
When he was young, most probably. (Reads.)

By Holbein.

I know him not. I know you there, old friends!
How fairest thou, worthy Perugino, with
Thy soft green tone, thy figures ranged to match
On either side, thy still repeated thoughts,
And thy unfading Saint Sebastian!
Still thou'rt a glorious fellow! Though, per-
chance,

Some more invention had not been amiss.

There are the mighty thrond; yonder hangs
A powerful picture, the full size of life.
A noble greybeard! 'Tis the holy Job.
Grandly conceived, and-executed grandly!
That surely is by Raphael. (Reads) No. By

—Fra

Bartolomeo. Ah, the pious monk!
It is not every monk can work like this.

Who could find time to look at all that's here?
There at the end a silken curtain hangs;
No doubt behind it is the best of all.
I must see this before Ottavio comes.

(Draws back the curtain, and discloses Raphael's
Saint Cecilia.)

This is the Saint Cecilia! There she stands,
And in her down-droop'd hand the organ bears.
Scatter'd and broken at her feet are cast

Here worldly instruments; but even the organ
Drops silent with her hand, as in the clouds
She hears the seraphs quiring. Her eye soars!
By whom is this? It is not painting; no,
'Tis poetry—yes, poetry! As thus I gaze,
And gaze, I see not the great artist merely,
But also the great man!

Here is sublime, celestial poesy,
Express'd in colours. Such, too, is my aim,
The goal I strive in my best hours to reach.

(Enter OTTAVIO. ANTONIO, without saluting
him, and wholly absorbed in the picture,
asks him)

This picture, whose is it?

* This glorious picture, now in the Gallery of the
Academy of Bologna, was painted by Raphael in 1518
to the order of a Noble Bolognese lady, Elena Duglioli,
dall' Oglio, who was inspired to build a chapel to Saint
Cecilia in the Church of San Giovanni, in Monte, at Bo-
logna. It was on contemplating this picture, that Cor-
reggio is said, in the well-known anecdote, to have ex-
claimed, "Anch' io son' pittore!" The anecdote is
apocryphal, but no one will deny to Oehlenschlaeger the
praise of having turned it to excellent account.

OTTAVIO (coldly.)

'Tis Raphael's.

ANTONIO

(with joyful enthusiasm.)

Ha, then I am a painter too!

OTTAVIO.

I've known that, friend,
For some few weeks, you must for years have
known it.

ANTONIO.

I know it now, but knew it not before.

OTTAVIO (aside.)

The vain, conceited fool! Battista's right.
Well, well, so much the better! (Aloud) Good
Antonio,

I like to see this hearty confidence.
You differ from all other artists quite,
Who've stood before this picture, self-convinced
Of their own utter insignificance.

ANTONIO

(who has never taken his eye from the picture).
Yes, I can see: if poverty feel not
its emptiness before such wealth as this,
Then it will never feel it.

OTTAVIO (aside.)

Why, this man
Is utterly transform'd. (Aloud.) You, on the
contrary,
Of your own riches seem the more assured.

ANTONIO.

Yes, here I feel my powers in all their force!
Here do I feel I am a painter too.
Yes, I can see: if poverty feel not
its emptiness before such wealth as this,
Then it will never feel it.

I have a heart can feel like Raphael's; but
My soul is not so clear, so strong of grasp;
My hand is more expert, more plastic, yet
His brain is stouter, takes a wider range.
I smile, while Raphael is grave; I am
For ever swept, while Raphael sweeps along.
Heavens! what a picture! Here I learn to
know

Myself in all my weakness and my strength;
Here is the standard; it exalts me high,
For, standing here, I feel anigh to heaven,
But still, as feels a man to angels near!

And whilst my bosom swells with rapt de-
light

And exultation, lowly bends my head
Before the grandeur I can ne'er attain.

OTTAVIO (coldly.)

You've brought with you that picture of your
own?

ANTONIO (collecting himself.)

It stands there in the corner, good my lord!

OTTAVIO.

Pray, bring it forward.

(ANTONIO brings forward the picture).

Excellent, if faith!

That charming woman seems as though she
lived.

Still, to be frank with you, I do not like
This drapery. Tell me, wherefore did you not
Portray her simply, as in life she is?
By heav'n, Maria can't be made more fair.

ANTONIO.

My object was to paint, sir, the Madonna.

OTTAVIO.

And is Maria not your Donna, then?

ANTONIO.

Your pardon, sir, I understand you not.

OTTAVIO.

Nay, now, I know full well, you artists live in fancy more than in the actual world, Loving air-phantoms more, and lovely dreams, Than things that truly live and breathe around you.

Now 'tis not so with me, the very least; And all must follow as their bent inclines. No artist I, nor poet; I am content With plain reality. This being so, We two can live together charmingly. The one need never cross the other's path. You love the fair ideal, I the fact.

ANTONIO.

Your pardon, sir, I understand you not; What do you mean by this?

OTTAVIO.

My dear Antonio, I will deal honestly and frankly by you. You are a plain, blunt man, and understand not What we of courtly breeding call finesse. Look you, my good Antonio, you are poor; I grieve to see you pining day by day. You paint fine pictures, and remain unknown. What profits it how bright your candle burns, If hid beneath a bushel? 'Tis my wish To make you happy. My palazzo's large, Our richest nobles daily flock to it. You shall stay here, and paint, and live at ease.

ANTONIO.

My gracious lord, is this no idle dream? Does fate begin to smile on me at last? From my first boyhood, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, It still has fitted near me but to mock me. When I essay'd to grasp it, it was gone! And there I stood in darkness as before.

OTTAVIO.

Your troubles shall be ended; by the Saints, There's not so culpable, as not to make A fellow-creature happy, when we can.

ANTONIO.

You think most generously.

OTTAVIO.

And so do you.

ANTONIO.

've felt your kindness deeply from the first.

OTTAVIO.

Then you would make me happy, if it lay Within your power to do so?

ANTONIO.

Certainly!

But you, my gracious lord, are fortune's child, And how can one so poor as I am make you happy?

OTTAVIO.

Ah, all's not gold that glitters, good Antonio,— I am not happy! no, in sooth I am not!

ANTONIO.

My heart is sad for you. Can this be so, My good, kind lord? And yet all, all is yours, That any child of clay could wish to have!

OTTAVIO.

Ay, all indeed, but not the chiefest bliss.

ANTONIO.

The chiefest bliss? That every man, methinks, May have, if he desire.

OTTAVIO.

What do you call

The chief, Antonio?

ANTONIO.

Confidence in God, And an untroubled conscience.

OTTAVIO.

Oh, yes! No doubt, no doubt! That is the chief,

Yes,—for eternity. But man lives here In time, and here must taste some bliss supreme, Else never say that he is truly happy.

ANTONIO.

That is most true.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—LETTER 8.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

LONDON, October 22.

A DULLER month than this in art matters it has not fallen on me yet to chronicle.

The most interesting point is the appropriation of a court at the Crystal Palace to the display of all that the Arundel Society have published, which is neither little nor unimportant. Besides the prints from Fra Angelico and Giotto, there are casts from ancient ivories, reductions from some of the Elgin marbles, and, most memorable of all, the original tracings made by Mr. Oliver Williams from the frescoes of Giotto in the Arena Chapel at Padua, after which the engravings have been produced. The court thus filled is to be opened on the 8rd of next month. If actually as well managed as I infer them to be from the prints, the tracings are clearly invaluable. On the general public their presumable effect may be rated at zero. I see it announced that Tintoret's great Crucifixion, before which Ruskin, more eloquent in praise than in his most eloquent passages, is stricken silent, ranks among the Society's forthcoming engravings.

Another exhibition contemplated by the directors of the Crystal Palace is that of the unsold spoils of the British department in the Universal Exposition at Paris. Some public preliminary steps have already been taken with this object in view; but what may be the actual extent of the proposed display in proportion to the totality of the collection, what the chances of realizing it, and what the means of finding the required house-room in the Crystal Palace, are matters upon which I am not in a position to speak.

I hear a rumor of a further exhibition, to include pictures by Landseer, a reduced duplicate of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair in Paris," and a collection of photographs. Of the promoters' immediate objects, or other details, of this exhibition I know nothing. The first query which suggests itself to the censorious mind is whether it is undertaken in hostility or in friendliness to Landseer or Madlle. Bonheur—and if in hostility, hostility to which of the two? During the lady's stay in London, Sir Edwin is reported to have rendered her the honor due to her genius, nor doubtless was she behindhand in recognizing his. Others, however, were not slow at drawing invidious comparisons; and while Madlle. Bonheur's power and study were rightly exalted, the enthusiasm of some people was somewhat too prone to keep silence on the invention, versatility, and sympathetic breadth of Landseer. Ten to one, however, the exhibition in question, if really contemplated, is got up in perfect good faith, without any side-view to the exaltation of the one artist at the expense of the other; and indeed, if Madlle. Bonheur is to

be represented by the single reduction of her "Horse Fair," the project could scarcely be in *her* interest.

The publication of Schnorr's designs from the Bible has been commenced here in a serial form. The original German wood-blocks are used; and the work is certainly a paragon of cheapness—six large engravings, in the best style of wood-cutting, well printed and well got up, the production of an artist of distinguished European reputation, for one shilling. About thirty numbers, at this price each, will complete the series. The designs are in the large Raphaellesque style of the leading Germans, marked with thought, art, and judgment. Many will call them great, and all will admit their solid merit, even if they agree with me in thinking that Schnorr fails to strike the true key either in inventive genius or in religious sentiment. A second art publication pertaining to the month is a volume of "Examples of Ornament," selected chiefly from sources accessible to Englishmen, and taking a wide range of time and country. It is a creditable work—one of a class which testifies to the greatly increasing interest which Great Britain concedes to decorative art at the present day.

An announcement, however, which throws all such minor matters as these into shade, is that of the third volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," which has baited the hopes of artists, students, and public for some years past, and is now promised, with some appearance of certainty, at an early period. A couple of volumes by our noble poet, Robert Browning, are also on the eve of coming out. The author is one of the few men great in poetry or other intellectual pursuits, not immediately connected with fine art, who have a genuine judgment and appreciation of the latter. This has been sufficiently manifest in his previous works; and will anew be proved by poems in the new volumes, bearing one upon Giotto, another upon Fra Filippo Lippi, and a third upon works of art which the poet's subtle taste has collected in his own hands. I may add that vague hints have reached me of a possible illustrated edition of Mrs. Browning's poems. That of Tennyson, long in hand now, still lingers. No doubt it is positively to be, nevertheless.

Knowing the laureate's indisposition to any approach to publicity, it is with some surprise I see it stated that a bust of him is about to be executed by Mr. Brodie, a member of the Scottish Academy. Of this sculptor's powers I have no personal cognizance; but another sculptor's rendering of Tennyson—a medallion here, of admirable quality, by Thomas Woolner—is likely to appear, through the unrivalled medium of photography, as the frontispiece to the illustrated volume.

Something new is continually appearing, to show that photography is now being worked in earnest in fulfillment of that part of its mission, which consists in aiding art. Photographic copies are now about London of some of the great works of painting. The Virgin and Child from Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" is rendered on a sufficient scale of size; and the noble pre-Raphaelite frescoes, from the Campo Santo of Pisa, form a series of unsurpassable importance as far as they have yet gone.

One of our most genuine art-collections